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HARVEST OF THOUGHTS

AARON BELFORD THOMPSON



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HARVEST OF THOUGHTS.

BY

Aaron Belford Thompson.
AUTHOR OF
"MORNING SONGS" AND "ECHOES OF SPRING."

With an Introduction by
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Illustrated by G. T. Haywood.



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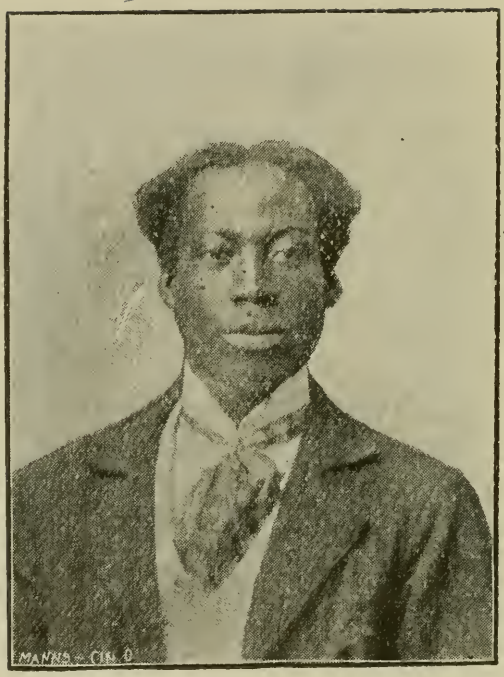
CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A bright reflection.	1
A message	3
Beyond the river.	5
Lines to autumn.	7
A plea to the muse.	10
Night.	13
An ode to Ireland.	15
Santa Claus' sleigh ride.	16
A Christmas carol.	19
Friendship's parting.	20
The chiming bells.	21
A proposal.	23
A birthday tribute	24
Our Girls.	26
A barnyard confusion.	27
The dreary day.	30
To Helen.	32
Tale of the haunted dell.	33
A deserted homestead.	38
A Serenade.	43
Emancipation.	47
Miss Susie's social.	47
Boyhood days.	52

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
The bachelor's soliloquy.	54
Fritz Mohler's dream.	55
The same old sun.	60
Tale of the wind.	63
Reason why I's happy	67
Down Murray's hall.	69
The maiden's song.	74
Life's procession	76
My country home.	77
The foresight.	79
Lead me.	82
A congratulation.	83
The traveler's dream.	86
After the honeymoon.	89
Farewell to summer.	93
Out among um.	95
Weep not.	101
Quit yo' gobblin!'	102
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.	103
Meum et tuum.	107
A strange vision.	107
Invocation.	109
Good-night.	110

HARVEST OF THOUGHTS.



AARON BELFORD THOMPSON

DEDICATED

TO

MY BELOVED WIFE.

INTRODUCTION
BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

It is gratifying to find so much of real poetic worth in these first published verses of Aaron Belford Thompson. Like his racial prototype, Paul Laurence Dunbar, the gifts of Mr. Thompson seem genuinely native, and give high promise of the young poet's literary future.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

A BRIGHT REFLECTION.

OFT to my recollection,
Drifts in a bright reflection;
And it comes from a direction,
Where all is filled with cheer:
From wood-land dale and fallow,
From brooklets deep and shallow;
And the notes of featherd songsters
Come drifting to mine ear.

The vernal beechen wild-wood,
The palace of my child-hood;
Neath spreading boughs of oak-wood,
Mong vines and leaves o' er head:
I view them o' er and over,
The meadow-fields of clover;
The hills of golden barley,
And sweet cherries ripe and red.

I hear the wood-land ringing,
The wild-bird's noise and singing:
See the watchful squirrel clinging,
To some large old ancient tree:
And a host of barefoot boys,
Laden down with childish joys;
Wading brooklets, with their trousers
'bove the knee.

The cattle on the hill,
Of sweet grass have had their fill;
And beneath the shade stand still,
While others lie:
Their burden and their strife,
Is sustenance through life;
Their plague and only torment is the fly.

The little lambs at play,
On the hillside far away;
And for fear they'll go astray,
There mothers kind,
Follow close and blate aloud,
To the little pranking crowd;
And a thought of Christ our shepherd,
comes to mind.

Such joys as we had then,
Will return, I know not when;
But the scenes will never blend,
From manhood's sight:
The while with toil and grief,
We bear life' burden sheaf,
Oft sweet scenes of happy child-hood
flash a light.

But a brighter scene than this,
Is that sweet land of the Bliss;
And that scene I would not miss,
For wealth or lore;
'Tis the scene o'er Jordan's strand,
It is called Sweet Beaulah Land,
And my soul yearns for its flight,
To that bright shore.

A MESSAGE

I HEARD a sweet message from summer,
And it came on the pinions of spring;
O' er wood-land , through fallow of red buds,
Where rehearsed the first songsters of spring.

A soft breeze came drifting before it,
With sweetness that' s hard to explain;
And it brought a brightness like sunshine,
Brings to us, after a rain.

Harvest of Thoughts

That message reechoed the wood-land,
And sounded through valley and hill;
Decending it seemed from the tree tops;
And joined in a song with the rill.

Seemed like the whole universe caught it,
When the sweet laden breeze drifted by;
The wild bees searched for their honey,
On wings flew the gay butter fly.

While insects that dwelt in the grasses,
Awoke with a loud merry chant;
And the air was swarming with beetles,
And the ground was covered with a. nts.

Across the mead from an orchard,
There came a moan from a dove;
The muse drew a song from her casket,
Of pathos with sweet, tender, love.

So often I' ve tried to repeat it,
When she sings it so sweet in mine ear;
But my hearing grows faint while she's singing
And I turn with mine eyes filled with
tears.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

JUST beyond the brimming river,
Just beyond the flowing tide,
I have thoughts within me ever,
Of rare scenes on yonder side.

Days and months and years are fleeting;
Still that stream is passing on;
Pilgrims, saints, and angels greeting,
Those who just have passed beyond.

We are journeying to that river:
Some have reached the flowing tide;
Some have crossed to turn no never;
From the scenes on yonder side.

Some have scarce begun their journey,
Some have trudged it faint and slow,
Some have reached the topmost mountain,
Looking on the vale below,

They can see the brimming river;
How divied her banks between,
Where the parting friends doth sever,
Ford the tide to realms unseen.

I have dearest friends who've left me,
And have crossed that whelming flood,
Left their all, their earthly duty,
And have gone to meet their God,

Where 'tis said, the sun shines ever;
And the trees forever green;
Where there's grief and parting never
Oh! that Beaulah land unseen.

When I've trod life's dreary highway,
Footsore, weary, lame and slow,
When I've climbed the mountain's summit,
When I've reached the vale below,

May I cross that brimming river,
Fearless of its mighty flood,
Leave my earthly cares forever,
Cross with joy to meet my God.

Harvest of Thoughts

LINES TO AUTUMN

JACK-FROST has chilled the summer air
And kissed the flowing rill;
The vernal land-scape hue has gone,
From wood-land mead and hill.
And ev' ry rustle of the leaves,
And ev' ry sound we hear;
Seems but to say, from day to day,
That dreary autumn 's here.
Oh Autumn! Whither comest thou
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

Some trees are clad in yellow robes,
And some bedecked in brown;
And some have donned a crimson cloak,
To awe the landscape 'round.
Our high hopes of the future,
Have come to naught at last;
Our brightest dream of springtime,
Have turned back to the past.
Oh autumn! whither comest thou,
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

Harvest of Thoughts

Fleet hounds pursue the rabbit,
Through underbrush and dell;
The hills send back an echo,
Caused by their doleful yell;
High up among the giant oaks,
An echo pierce the sky;
From some old hawk in search of prey,
There comes a hideous cry.

Oh Autumn! Whither comest thou
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

Song-birds, now flying southward,
Have sang their parting song;
Each one in flight is trying,
To head the pressing throng;
The crows have filled the wild-wood,
With sentinels around,
They feast on seeds and insects,
From off the fertile ground.

Oh Autumn! whither comest thou
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

Harvest of Thoughts

I look upon the harvest, in rich abundance yield;
But still a spell of sadness,
Around my soul doth steal;
To know that once with beauty,
In youthful vigor spread;
Large fields of blooming clover,
And corn-fields— all are dead.

Oh Autumn! Whither comest thou,
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

But still my soul feels dreary,
Although the sun doth shine,
He brings no balm like springtime
To heal this soul of mine;
And ofttimes how I wonder!
My outer self seems gay;
My inner soul far down within,
Each moment seems to say

Oh Autumn! Whither comest thou,
To bind me with a spell?
A melancholy troubled state,
Would God that I could tell.

A PLEA TO THE MUSE

Oh Goddess of song, come grant a reflection!
Unbolt the great doors of memory's wall,
And there let me enter, in gardens, through court-yards;
And view the great paintings, that hang in the hall.
Then grant at your leisure, some musical measure;
My harp is untuned and infer' or to thine:
So pledge me one measure, 'twill be of great pleasure,
Perchance it might soothe this vain yearning of mine.

Then away let me ramble, 'cross brooklets through brambles,
'Cross moorland through fallows,
To the far distant hill;
Where the century eagle 'mong the cliffs find her hiding,
And the night winds bring notes,
From the wild whip-poor-will.
She took up her harp, embossed with rare jewels;
The numberless strings all glittered like gold;
Then a bright glittering ra in-bow decended from heaven,
Surounded the damsel, illuming the whole.

Her jewel decked fingers were active and nimble
A bracelet of rubies hung loose from her wrist,
Her dark curly locks had gold in their tresses;
Her face was so comely, there was nothing amiss.
She scarce touched the strings,
Ere the great harp responded;
The music was soft yet it echoed afar:
And the sweet chimes came back from wood-land and mountain,
And through the great hall-way, whose door stood ajar.

I entered the hall-way and gazed at the paintings,
Both modern and ancient, magnificent, grand;
My eyes caught the beauty,
Mine ears drank the music;
That came from her harp, and re-echoed the land.
And last, but not least, to the rear of the hall-way,
There hung a great painting of wonderful cost;
And the muse on her harp played a dirge sweet and solemn,
As I gazed at my crucified Lord on the cross.

His visage though care worn,
Showed love and compassion;
Great nails pierced His hands,
And like wise, His feet:
Me thought I could hear the wail of the women
Decending the vale of Mt. Calvary's Steep.
Then the muse touched the strings,
And a great song of triumph,
Rang out in the hall-way,
Ere I thought to depart,
While mine eyes caught the sight of a wonderful painting;
That brought great rapture and joy to my heart.

'Twas where He had entered,
The great gates of Heaven,
And countless the angels about Him did throng;
Here the muse ceased her playing,
For she feared to attempt it,
And she blushed when I asked her,
To join in the song.
As I left the great hall-way,
The door closed behind me;
The muse she had vanished,
The music had ceased;
I awoke 'twas a dream—the rain was fast falling,
And the wind shook my lattice,
That came from the east.

NIGHT.

NIGHT on her sable pinions,
Came down at close of day:
She took her flight,
Through the gray twilight,
And banished the sun away.
Arrayed in her dark sable garments,
With her jet black curley hair,
She paused by the brook,
And a draught she took,
While a coolness filled the air.

She lay her hand on the reaper,
Who had tilled and sowed and reaped,
And bade him to lay,
From the toils of the day,
In a restful slumber of sleep.
And going cross meadow and valley,
And seeing things quiet and still,
She paused by the rocks,
And summoned the fox;
And cried to the wild whip-poor-will.

The wild-fox responded the summon,
 Which came by that of the spright;
And off in the dew,
Through the meadow he flew,
 And was lost in the gloom of the night.
 The whip-poor-will came from her hiding,
Among the fallows and trees;
 She warbled and sang,
 Till her sweet voice rang,
Like music afloat on the breeze.

Then night drew her dark sable curtain
 Which parted the light from the day:
That the sun should not mar,
She lit up each star,
 With a gleam from the white milky-way.
All robed in her dark spectral garments,
 Dripping with cold midnight-dew,
She sate in repose,
Till day light arose,
 Then away from the sunlight she flew.

AN ODE TO IRELAND.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

A SONG to old Ireland, tho' simple and silly,
I'll sing to the shamrock, I'll sing of the lily;
I'll sing of her sons and her daughters the while,
The lords and the peasants of Emeral Isle.

Were I but enchanted, I'd rise in the air,
And warble a ditty, beyond all compare;
Of her worriors tried, who wielded the swoard,
In that fierce bloody battle, of Old Yellow Ford.

In Shannon's sweet waters, I'd glide in my bark,
And chant you a ditty, of Dublin and Cork;
Her cheiftains, who headed her men on the field
The valiant O'Donnels, and dauntless O'Neils.

I'd sing of her bards, but weak is my tongue
My voice is too faint, and my harp is unstrung;
To sing such a measure, to give them just due,
'Twould be such a balad, the world never knew.

So I'll sing of old Erin, a ballad of praise,
Her shamrocks and lilies, her uplands and braes;
A toast and a ballad, to that Isle 'cross the sea;
Long life to her peasants, and lords of degree.

SANTA CLAUS' SLEIGH RIDE.

DEDICATED TO THE LITTLE ONES.

'TWAS late in the month of December,
And all things were merry and gay;
When Santa Claus came from his dwelling
of fame,
And took up the reigns in his sleigh.

Ere he seated, he sounded his bugle,
In a tone that was cheering and clear,
He then cried out, with a merry old shout,
To his three score span of deer.

Then away with a loud, merry, clatter,
His bells echoed loud on the wind;
And he with his sleigh, was soon far away,
While his mansion lay far, far, behind.

His reindeer were active and nimble,
They bounded in haste through the snow;
For short was the night, to take such a flight,
To millions of homes, don't you know.

His stay was short in each dwelling,
Where the little ones slept in their beds,
And leaving some toys for the girls and the boys;
He 'gan mounted roofs overhead.

In some climes the snow had not fallen,
Then what did Old Santa Claus do?
Why— he yelled to his deer in a voice shrill and clear;
They ascended the air, and they flew.

And long 'fore it dawned Christmas morning,
He had made his journey complete;
From his three score deer, he took all the gear
And piled them, a heap at his feet.

His good wife then gave him a bumper
Of claret, all sparkling and strong;
She sang him a health, and she wished him
wealth;
And a life, to be happy and long.

All weary from hasty exertion,
And a long, long, ride in his sleigh;
When the bright dawn did peep, he was sound
sound, asleep;
And that's how he spent Christmas day.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN THE fields of Judea near Bethlehem town,
While shepherds did watch their floocks
on the green;
Behold, from the heavens an angel came down,
And a bright shining star appeared on
the scene.

"Fear not!" said the angel, glad tidings I bring,
And the glory from heaven in splendor
shone down;
'In the City of David, this day comes a king;
He lies in a manger at Bethlehem town."

Then a heavenly host with harps in their hands,
Surrounded that angel, a heavenly sight;
Singing—"glory to God, and good will to men,"
Then ascended in air and was lost from
the sight.

The shepherds arose and deserted their fold;
Went forth to that city, and Jesue they found;
They knelt down and praised him, and so we
are told,
From thence they departed, and noised it
around.

Yes, His name has been noised from thence
to this day,
As we wake from our slumber on bright
Christmas morn;
The church bells are chiming, our pulses beat
gay;
Earth's mortals rejoice that Jesus is born.

FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING.

Ofttimes when friend from friend depart,
A new, sweet fondness touch the heart;
A feeling so sublime.

'T is but the shaft from cupid's bow,
Which starts love's crimson blood to flow,
So ends my simple rhyme.



See page 86

He beheld an angel of death.

THE CHIMING BELLS.

HO! watchman, from yon belfry tower,
Ring out those bells to me!
And let my fancies catch the power,
That steals upon my soul each hour,
While chimes their melody.

I love to hear those chiming bells,
To me, their music clear,
Time after time, strange stories tell,
And oft they ring the parting knell,
Of friends and kindred dear.

And oft when at the alter stood,
The modest bride, the groom,
Sweet echoes filled the vernal wood;
Where giant oaks, and elm trees stood,
While zephyrs shook their plumes.

I love their sweet melodious chime,
It wakes my sleeping soul;
They bear good news from heavenly clime,
It cheers the heart, uplifts the mind,
When e' er those bells doth toll.

I love to hear their medley sound,
Swell on the sabbath morn;
Their music from yon tower, sinks down
Into my heart with joy profound,
And banish cares forlorn.

Ofttimes in peace and quiet bliss,
The raptured music fall,
My soul craves for the parting kiss,
And yearns to break that vale of mist,
Which binds her like a thrall.

They swell with music sweet and clear,
Upon each mortal's breast;
Our doom advances near and near,
Those bells shall ring year after year,
When we are laid to rest.

Ho! watchman, ring those bells to me!
And let their music fall
With chime, and glee, through land o'er sea,
In blissful peace to all.

A PROPOSAL.

MISS LUCY stop yo' foolin',
Ah, hush dat geeglin', do!
Say Honey, don't you luv' me,
De same as I luv' you?
Dis is a serious moment!
I kum thu ice an' snow;
Miss Lucy wont you hab me?
Now Honey— don't say "NO!"

Yo' mammy, she is willin'
Yo pappy he is too;
And I— you know I's willin'!
I leave de res' to you:
Fau you an' me 's been cou'tin',
Two years, an' maby mo,'
Miss Lucy wont you hab me?
Now Honey— don't say "NO"!

Now whut you say about it?
Miss Lucy, Honey, Dear!
My life would be so happy,
Ef you wos always near:
Dat answer sounds like music,
From Luv's Sweet 'Chanted Lan',
Let me stop a bit an' lis'en,
Let me hold dat little han'!

So Miss Lucy, you've consented,
 Let you head lean on my bres';
We 'll be happy, wont we, Honey?
 I's so gled yo' answered "YES!"
Think you kin be ready Cristmus,
 I 's got nothin' much to buy,
But de furniture on payments;
 You'll be ready? so will I.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

WALKING through life's tranquil journey,
 Flowers blooming neath her feet;
She has reached each year a mile stone,
 Stationed on life's highway street.

On and on, old time has led her,
 Through the night, and through the day;
In her childhood's joy and sorrows,
 As the mile stones pass away.

On each one her name is written,
 And life's journey briefly told;
Of her infancy and childhood,
 Written in the purest gold.

And her cup with many a blessing,
Has been filled from year to year;
She's been blessed, with friends and kindreds;
And a loving father's care.

And a sympathetic mother,
Who has loved so dear since birth;
Sharing all her pains and sorrows,
Sharing all her joys and mirth.

She has reached the twentieth milestone,
'Long her blooming path of life,
She has grown a handsome lady,
Soon she'll face a nobler strife.

And we've met to pay her homage,
Friends and kindreds, all around;
'Tis our debt, that we should wish her,
All the joys that can be found.

May life's journey in the future,
Be more radiant than the past;
And the purest light from Heaven,
In her pathway e'er be cast.

OUR GIRLS.

A SONG to the damsel, our Ethiope miad!
Her crisp curly locks, in beauty arrayed.
Her voice is so gentle, so tender, so true;
Her smiles glow like sun-beams,
Her eyes spark like dew.

Her teeth shine like pearls, her laughter the while,
Reechoes with music, like waves on the Nile;
Her steps are so gentle, kindhearted is she;
The Ethiope maid, is the damsel for me.

No paints and no powder, bedecks her sweet face,
Her beauty is Nature's, the rarest of grace;
The oils and pomatums ne'er touches her hair,
Those curled raven locks, by Nature are there.

Before ev'ry nation, exaultant we'll sing!
Arrayed in her beauty, our maids we will bring.

A BARN-YARD CONFUSION.

MARANDY, you an' all de chaps,
Come here! you heard me call:
Dis good fah nothin' lazy nag,
Lay cross-ways in de stall.

A great big pile of skin an' bones,
Done et my oats an' hay;
An' now right here at plowin' time,
He 's gwine to pass away.

Miss Lucy, what's you geeglin' bout?
You aint too big to whale:
Come hear and grab old Balley's head!
You Mose, come grab his tail!

Look out dah mammy, watch dem heels!
We's gwine to turn him 'round;
Now ev 'ry body lend a han',
Let 's git him off de ground.

Git up! Git up! you scoundrel beast!
Push ha'd now, one an' all;
Ah, we kaint hold him! git away,
An' let the roskul fall.

I have a mind to git my ax,
An' bust his plagued head;
A good fau nothin' plug like dis,
Is better off when dead.

Now Mose, you go an' git a plank,
I'm gwine to make a prop;
So when we git him on his feet,
He kaint in no wise drop.

Git ready now! an' let us try,
To git him on his feet;
Git up! Come up saw! move about!
You aint too sick to eat.

Be careful when he makes dat lunge,
An' ketch him 'fo' he fall!
I'll put dis plank against his side,
And bind him to the stall.

Git up now Baldey! Come up sah!
Gib me dat buggy spoke!
I brung him to his feet dat time;
Look out! dat plank 's done broke.

Lay down an' die you scoundrel beast,
Kaint eat my oats an' hay;
An' think dat you kin take a res',
By playin' off dis way.

Nex' time I'll buy a better horse,
One dat is sound an' 'live;
I'm tired of dese two dollah plugs,
Gwine pay 'bout fo' or five.

THE DREARY DAY.

THE clouds creep low, the day is dark,
The wind howls sad and drear;
The rain descends with glittering spark,
No cheerful sunlight near.

The orchard trees, their leaves all drenched,
Bend low their vernal crown;
The fertile soil her thirst has quenched,
But still the rain comes down.

Oh dreary day! filled to the brim,
The brooklet struggles on;
The mist, the fog, so dark so dim;
Oh! where has sunlight gone?

That glittering orb once lit the land,
With splendor, bright and clear,
Through stormy clouds his light grows wan;
Has nature lost her cheer?

Harvest of Thoughts

Deep in my melancholy breast,
 There comes a tranquil voice;
A gentle murmur pure and blest,
 Which bids my soul rejoice.

The fair Muse caught the cheering phrase,
 Which sounds like vesper chimes,
Her pen retraced a fiery blaze,
 In feet of rhythmic rhymes.

I read— and in my weary soul,
 The sun has shone again;
No more life's gloom about me roll,
 Though fall the dreary rain.

TO HELEN.

Oh Helen! thou art passing fair,
With locks of sable hue;
So glossy is thy curly hair,
Surpass thy beauty few.

Thy smile is like a rainbow tint,
That lights the sky above;
Deep in my heart has Cupid sent,
A shaft dipped deep with love.

I look upon thy dark brown face,
Thy laughing eyes I see;
Could I with gifted power but trace,
Thy love in store for me!

Oh Helen! thou art passing fair,
Thou oft hast heard me sigh;
From wounded love in deep dispair,
Of thee, heard no reply.

Turn not with modest smiles away,
Thou little timid dove;
But list unto my plea this day,
An hear my song of love.

TALE OF THE HAUNTED DELL.

IF by chance you should walk down the old
dreary lane,
And follow its windings around;
You will come to a spot, that will ne'er be
forgot;
Traditions relate it, believe it or not!
Where night shades bring sights and queer
sounds.

Far down in a valley 'twix two wooded hills,
No wood-man a tree has here fell;
'Tis said when an ax, on a tree cometh down,
Hobgoblins and gnomes spring up through
the ground;
With firey eyes and hideous frown,
Defyantly loud do they yell.

When ever a hunter set foot in that vale,
With trusty rifle in hand;
He returns with a tale, surpassingly strange,
He talks like a man, that's almost deranged;
His walks and habits all are changed;
And he turns to a curious man.

And many a fisherman ofttimes return,
From that vale where the brooklets flow;
With a quaint and curious, hideous smile,
Their steps were nimble, their eyes looked wild,
Their knowledge turned back to that of a child;
They had long years ago.

'Tis said and old poet once heard of that spot,
And went, both by day and by night;
Down the old dreary lane,
With a staff for a cane,
His wits were keen and his mind was sane,
In search for a subject to write.

But when he returned he brought a strange tale,
He told it in a strange rhyme;
The folks could not tell,
Though the rhythm sound well;
About the strange sights he saw down the dell,
What he meant, one half of the time.

This troubled the poet, he went back again,
And roved through the dell as before;
But that night came a storm of thunder and rain,
The people did worry, they looked in vain
But the poet was seen no more.

They say that night about the lone cot,
Where the poet had dwelt so long;
Strange faces and sights the people did see,
They sang a strange sweet melody,
The poet's selfsame song.

One night a stranger entered the town,
A curious looking old man;
His robes were of a crimson hue,
His dusty feet without a shoe;
His garment skirts were wet with dew,
His face was dark and tanned.

Around him thronged a curious croud,
And asked from whence he came;
The pilgrim raised his palsied hand,
It spread a light on ev'ry man,
His voice like thunder shook the land,
And quivered all the flame.

THE PILGRIM'S REPLY.

I came from yonder haunted dell,
The aged pilgrim said;
Into a lonely cave I dwell
Among dry bones of men,
Once stricken by a dreadful spell,
While coming down the glen.

But there is one who lately fell
A victim in yon glen;
You've missed his foot-steps and his song,
Your hearts are sad, you've mourned him long;
He was your guide and friend.

His spirit hovers o'er his bones,
And will not let me rest.
When e'er I wander from the cave,
I hear him calling from the grave;
Then pushing 'side his long gray beard,
A scroll took from his breast.

And so I'll sing his last farewell,
His spirit 'quest me long;
And when the pilgrim oped the scroll,
'Twas written on twelve sheets of gold,
But no one caught the song.

A swell of music from afar,
Chorded with ev'ry line;
Grand was the song the pilgrim sung,
'Twas for the old, 'twas for the young,
And beings of all kind.

The birds of the wilderness circled in air,
And lit by the old pilgrim's side;
The wolf and the panther, came out from their lair,
They listened in silence: long, long, did they stare;
For no more in fear did they hide.

The ermine and fox came out from the rocks,
For well they the song understood;
And the old haunted dell, was charmed by the spell;
Hobgoblins and gnomes awoke with a yell,
And wild witches cried in the woods.

The old mountain oaks, did nod on the breeze,
And kept a time with the song;
And dead men 'rose from the roots of the trees,
Who centuries past by the spell were seized,
And elbowed their way through the throng.

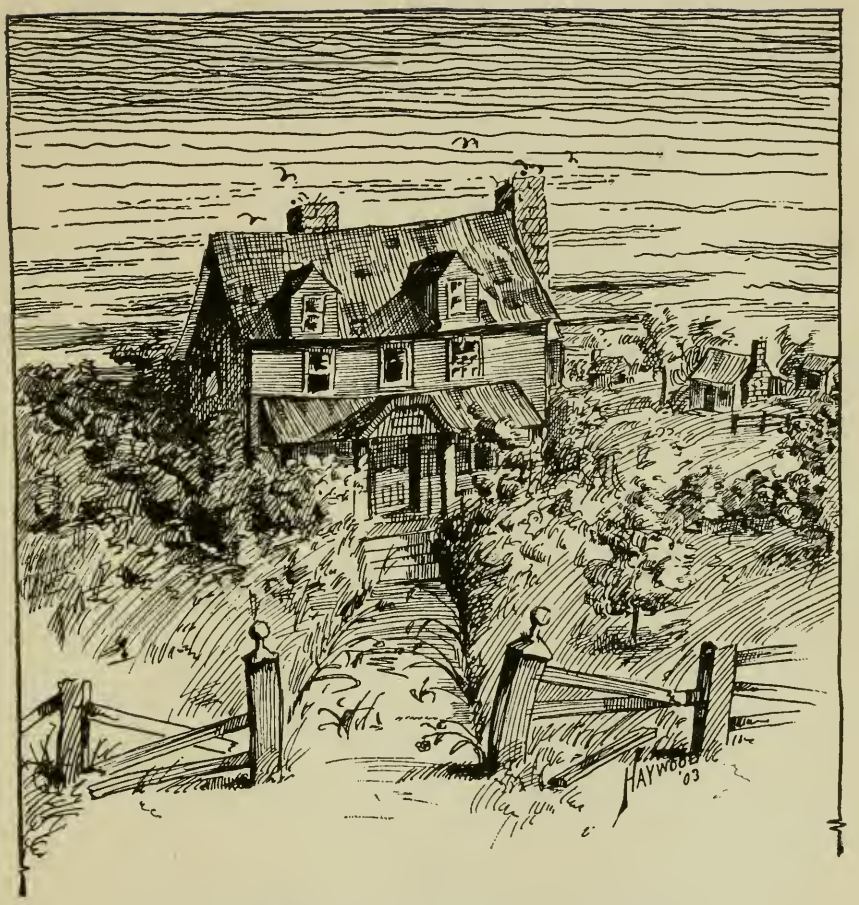
And when he sang of the haunted dell,
There were parts they could understand
Said—"There a wood-land witch did dwell;
On ev'ry one she cast a spell,
That wandered through the haunted dell,
Or wronged her forest land."

Atlength the old pilgrim finished his song,
Then handing the golden scrole,
To a strange looking man, who came from the dark;
He moaned like a dove and sang like a lark;
Together they fled from the throng.

So ends up my tale of the old haunted dell,
Where witches and hobgoblins stay;
It is stil told around, that the vale can be found;
If you follow the lane, with its windings around,
Its some where far, far, away.

A DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

FAR down in the land of old Dixie,
Where cane-brake and cotton-fields grow,
I saw there, a large plantation;
Which flourished long years ago:
The cabins, they were deserted,
The fences, all tumbled down,
All things about me were silent,
The slaves had deserted, and gone.



The pages of wealth all erased.

As I looked at those rude built cabins,
On that sad deserted spot,
I thought of my old forefathers,
And their humble, bitter, lot:
I gazed at the large old homestead,
On her vine clad ruined walls;
It roused within a strange feeling,
Like the sight of some dead man's pall.
While I passed through the broken down portals,
And entered the large, spacious, halls,
The old doors squeaked on their hinges,
And saffron stained were the walls.

Far up in the dreary old attic,
As the winds of autumn did moan,
I thought I could hear a pleading voice,
Like a bondmaid's helpless groan.
As I entered the large old parlor,
Once flourished with southorn grace,
Where oft sat the rich old planter,
In wealth by that large fireplace,
I saw no trace of existence,
Where mortals lately had been;
The drifting of time, had banished her prime,
And now, shone the wages of sin.

For the power of that wicked old planter,
 Who once bound my fathers in chain,
Had been quelled by the hand of Jehovah;
 Been severed and broken in twain:
In the fierce battle fought at old Shiloh,
 By death-shots from Northern guns,
There fell four bodies all mangled;
 It was the old planter and sons:
They have yielded to dust in the churchyard,
 The mother and daughters lie there;
And the broken down house all deserted,
 Is now standing silent and bare.

The swallow had built in the chimney,
 The wren had built in the wall,
Through tangled vines and tall grasses,
 The venomous serpent crawls:
The fields where grew the white cotton,
 Where the poor black slaves used to hoe,
Long since they have turned to a fallow;
 There the birch and the cotton-wood grow:
'Twas the Lord that tore down that dwelling,
 And checked that old planter's reign;
Each slave He unyoked from their bondage,
 And bad them to shake off their chain.

How could I look on with compassion,
And mourn o'er the old planter's lost,
'Twas a just return for his vile, vile, deeds;
And his life-blood and wealth paid the cost:
And leaving the scenes far behind me,
I returned from that dreary old place,
Whose grandure and splendor had faded,
The pages of wealth all eraced.

A SERENADE.

COME, open the window,
My sweet dusky maid!
And list to my singing,
A love serenade!
A love serenade!

There's music and love,
Afloat in the air,
'Tis all on account,
Of a damsel so fair!
A damsel so fair!

My harp is in tune,
And my hand is in plight,
But my love-sick heart,
Is a burden to night.
A burden to night.

Oh! list to my ditty,
My beautiful Grace,
And show me once more,
A smile on thy face,
A smile on thy face.

And oh! what a blessing,
Of joy it would be,
If some day you'd open,
Your heart unto me,
Your heart unto me.

I'd sing like the song-birds,
'Mong blossoms of June,
A ballad of love
To a livelier tune,
A livelier tune.

EMANCIPATION.

THREE cheers! well may we shout with joy,
And hail Emancipation;
Our fetters long has been destroyed:
We are a free, free, nation.

No more like cattle on the hills,
That feed upon the clover;
Shall wait our brethern for their doom,
Unable to discover.

No more upon our brother's track,
We'll hear the blood-hounds baying;
The cries of men to bring him back,
With curse and evil sayings.

No more our maidens bought and sold,
The southern tyrant's booty;
No more the brutal trader's gold,
Shall buy the sable beauty.

No more our brave and gallant youths,
 Shall tremble of tomorrow;
Behold, sweet liberty and truth,
 Has broke the chains of sorrow.

For now we stand on freedom's plain,
 With joy and exultation;
Though scarred and maimed,
From bondage chain,
 We'll hail Emancipation.

Three cheers! we'll shout our liberty,
 Long may our nation live;
Large, large, may grow her fruitful tree,
 And sweetest manna give.

MISS SUSIE'S SOCIAL.

DID you hear about the social
That took place at Susie Greens'?
That's so! you were off at college:
Well, you missed one swell old scene.

I was there, and sakes 'o Goodness!
What a swell old time we had;
Odor steamin' from the kitchen,
'Nough to drive the hungry mad.

And a mighty crowd of people,
Came a flocking through the door;
Dressed in finest silks an' satins,
Gals I never seen before.

Brown skin gals with yellah fellahs,
Yellah gals, with brown skin boys,
All a smilin' an' contented:
For that social they enjoyed.

Lucy Brooks an' Sally Carter,
'Pon my word was lookin' fine;
Bet you can't pick out two ladies,
That can take away their shine.

They 're the finest gals I rec'on,
Can be found for miles around;
Lucy came with Levy Johnson,
Sally came with Ely Brown.

Brown, he works for Doctor Collyer,
Being both about of size;
All the Doctor's cast off clothing,
Falls to him a captured prize.

With Miss Sally hangin' to him,
I can see that couple yet;
She a han'some yellow lady,
He so stately: Black as jet.

Close behin' came Levy Johnson,
An' his face a lookin' light;
Lucy Brooks was hangin' to him.
She was any thing but white.

Susie Greene?— I'd nigh forgot her,
Dressed to death, an' lookin' gran',
Huggin' kissin' all them ladies,
Speakin' sweet to every man.

If I'd try to tell all 'bout it,
Several hours I'm sure 'twould take;
So I'll shorten up my story,
An' now tell who won the cake.

After payin' pawns with kisses,
Playin' evr'y sort o' game;
Aunt Matilda — Susie's mother,
Smilin', in the parlor came.

In her han' she held a waiter,
With a cake of 'normous size;
Coated o'er with blood red icin',
That attracted all the eyes.

"Now," She said, "'young men an' ladies,
Git together two an' two!
An' the couple walks the fines',
This big cake belongs to you."

Such a scram'lin' then for partners,
And the couples formed in line;
Were led off by big Jim Lucus,
Puttin' on such monkey shines.

Walkin' knock kneed, walkin' jubah,
Walkin' cripple, walkin' spiung,
And his big cane filled with ribbons,
To the lively music swung.

Arthur Brooks an Sophie Woodson,
Struttin' to the musics' sound,
Made a most delightful figure;
Following Jim around an' round.

Lucy Brooks an' Sally Carter,
With their partners was n't slow;
As they walked about so graceful,
Turnin', smilin', bowin', low.

So between these three fine coupels,
There arose a mighty test;
And it puzzled all them judges,
For to tell who walked the best.



Were led off by big Jim Lucus.

But I believe 'twas Levy Johnson,
He and Lucy won the prize;
Big Man! cut that cake wide open,
Boasting of its monstrous size.

Soon we had a joke upon them,
When Miss Carter made it known,
That the cake with blood red icin',
Was a great big Co' n-Bread-Pone.

After the big laugh was over,
We all parted from that spree;
What you say?-it must been midnight,
It was almost half past three.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

THOSE good old days of boyhood!
They've gone to come no more;
When we sat around, as the sun went down,
'Bout Hen' Clay's grocery store;
And talking o'er the latest news about the
country folks,
Or tried to tell the biggest yarn, or
crack the biggest joke.

Those good old days of boyhood!
How sweet to me they seem;
I oft look back on my boyhood's track,
In a melancholy dream
And view the distant landscape of wooded hills
aronnd.
And catch again the merry strain,
Of the wild wood's cheerful sound.

Those good old days of boyhood!
I recollect so well,
Still in mine ear, can plainly hear,
The chimes of the old school bell;
I see the child like faces,
Worn by my school mates then,
The girls have grown up to women:
And the boys have grown to men.

Those good old days of boyhood!
Are sweet to look upon;
When laughing, boys with childish joys,
We swam in Schenck's Old Pond:
And oft mong Cosbey's Pasture Hills,
In streamlets searched the frog,
Or chased the squirrel up a tree, a rabbit
in a log.

Those good old days of boyhood!
I long for them again;
To scamper and play in the mows of hay,
And list to the falling rain:
And read about "Jack and his Bean Stalk,"
Or "Alice in Great Wonder Land:"
And wish to be a wee fairy, or a great big
giant man.

Those good old days of boyhood!
Alas! they've drifted by;
Our old play ground is changed around,
I breathe a parting sigh:
For here the country people, have caught
the city air,
And changed these spots to village lots;
Excepting here and there.

Those good old days of boyhood!
I will no more repeat;
My heart was glad but its growing sad,
As those bygone scenes I meet:
Since my barque has drifted mong strangers,
Few, few are the lads that I know,
I find not the joys, I had mong the boys,
In the days long, long ago.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQY.

I CARE not said the bachelor old,
I've made no vows to hold me;
I simply tote my hard earned gold,
And have no wife to scold me.

I've lived a placid life for years,
Sunshine and gloom commingle,
My cares are small, my wants are few;
No one to please when single!

No chaps to worry me through life,
Wrong walks my heart to tingle;
I have no wife, nor family strife,
Thank God that I am single!

FRITZ MOHLER'S DREAM.

IT was a cold and wintry night,
The snow fell thick and fast;
All living creatures far and near,
Had sheltered from the blast:
Bill Wickman's bar was crowded,
With loafers boistous loud;
Scott Johnson, with his banjo,
Made music for the crowd.

"Kum poys und haf von thrink on me!"
Bill Wickmann shouted loud;
Scott Johnson dropped his banjo,
And elbowed through the crowd.
The black man sang a health he did,
To white folks standing 'rouud;
He knocked a fancy step or two,
Then quaffed his brandy down.

Scarce had the crowd retreated,
To card and billard game,
In came a large old German,
Fitz Mohler was his name:
A queer, old looking fellow,
His head was large and round;
His shoulders stooped, his curled hair gray;
His voice a husky sound.

He paused to gaze upon the crowd,
 At Johnson who was singing
An old time lively banjo-song,
 Droll rhymes and music ringing.
He sang about the Polly Wogg,
 The snakes, and terapin's habbit;
The June-bug, 'possum, and the 'coon,
 The big-eyed, stub-tailed rabbit.

Sang something, 'bout old uncle Gabe,
 Who 'stonished the plantation,
"With pisin vipa's up his sleeves,"
 And other conjurations:
Sang something 'bont the crow and crane,
 And how he went a kitin,'
"Wid his old maustah's span o' mules,
 Way down the road to Bright'n."

Fritz gazed upon the colored man,
 No mirth was in his look
Until his song had reached the end,
 With laughter Mohler shook:
"Vell poys, let's take a thrink oon dot!
 Dot means faw von und all,"
The bottles clanked and each man drank
 But Scott ignored the call.

"Vell Chonson: call you vonce again;
Kum up und haf von clas o' shin!
Vot make you in dot courner sthan?
You look shust like a demperence man:
Be not ashame Got mate you plack,
Kum valk right quick tis vay!
Dot should n't make your spirit lack,
All men be mate uf clay.

A vite cow's milk be vite you know;
A plack cow's milk be shust like shnow,
A plack man's brincibul's der same,
If he shust thri und keep his name,"
Then Johnson took a "PONY,"
And sang a toast along;
Fritz Mohler o'er his lager-beer,
Sang loud a German Song.

The men all boozed an jolly,
The blazing fire agleam,
"Kum poys!" old Mohler shouted;
"I vish to del my thream!"

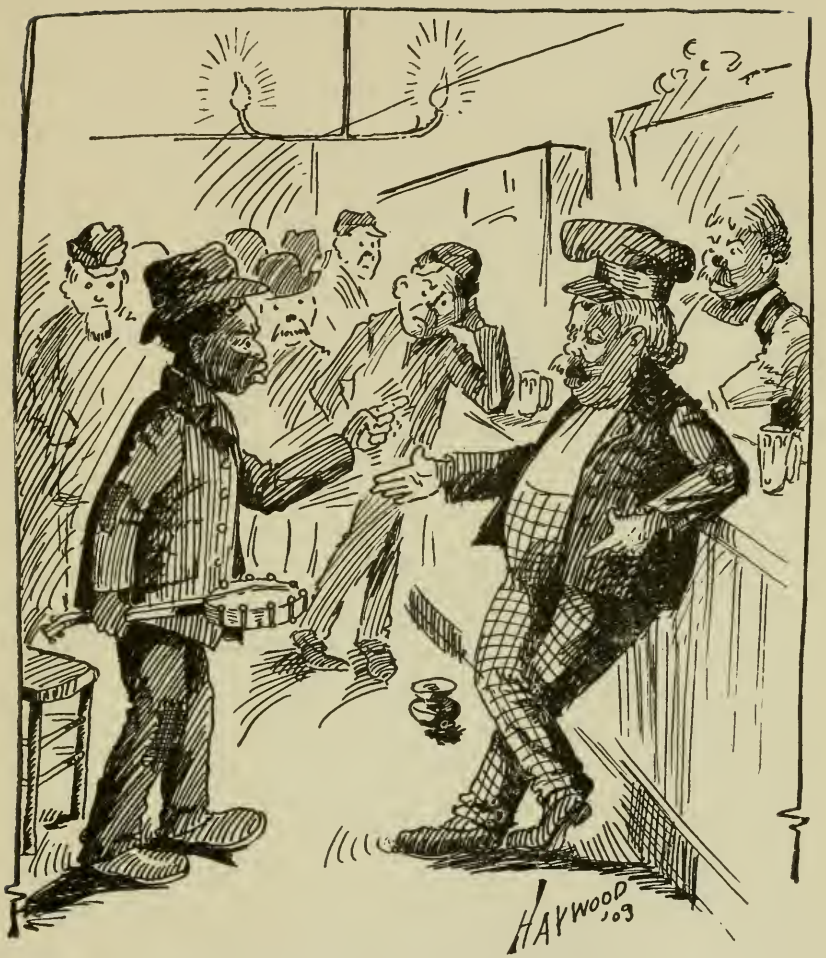
THE DREAM.

"Me thream los Tu' stay night you know,
Dot night der ground vos vite mit shnow,
Each star vos pright, der vin dit plo;
Dot vos a funny thream!

Me thream ven I vos in mine bet,
Me heard a noisy foot step tret;
Mine hair stood straight upon mine het;
Dot vos a funny thream!
Me knew it vos a thief you pet,
But vos too fraid to catch him: yet
Me tiptoed out mine house an' set:
Uud all tis vos a thream.

He valked so easy shust like mouse,
He mate right for mine shicken house,
He pushed dot dour, he mate vun souse,
Dot vos a funny thream!
Und den me yelled out pretty quick,
Me threw at him a stofe-wood-stick;
Und den at me he fired a brick;
Dot vos a funny thream!

He looked shust like Scott Chonson here,
For den he vos upon me near,
Und den me yelled mit dreadful fear;
Dot vos a funny thream!
He stole from me tree shickens vite;
He turned an' ran mit all his might;
He shumpt dot vence und crossed der lawn;
Me voke fon day vos shining prite,
Und found tree of mine shickens gone.



Scott Johnson 'rose with fury.

Scott Johnson 'rose with fury,
And shouted, "Look ah heah!
You say I stole dem chickens, sah?
You got to make dat clear!
All night you've flung yo' hints about
An' now ole man you jes' look out!
Dis sortah talk will nevah do,
Or I will "PICK A CROW" wif you;
I did n't steal yo' chickens!'

"Me did n't say you stole tem Scott,
Vot faw you got at me so hot?
A thream be sometimes vot its not,
Dot vos a funny thream!
I missed mine shcikens, dot vos true,
I saw a plack man shust like you,
I voke und vos tree shickens out,
Und dot is all I know about;
Dot vos a funny thream!

So Chonson, dot vud make you clear,
Kum let us haf a clas of peer!
Me pleve tis getin' late me fear,
Dot only vos a thream!
And so these two men drank again,
But neither sang a song;
Old Fritz still believe his dream is right,
And Scott still swear 'twas wrong.

THE SAME OLD SUN.

THE same old sun is shining,
That shone in Bethlehem;
That dawned upon the morning,
When Christ our Saviour came.

His splendor is no brighter,
His rays are spread the same,
As spread with gold, on the streets of old,
Where He healed the deaf and lame.

The same old sun is shining,
That shone on Galilee;
When He called two angling brothers,
And said: "Lo, follow me!"

While down that dusty highway,
The same old blazing sun;
Shone down upon my Saviour's brow,
And on Capernaum.

And at the Jordon river,
This sun shone bright and free;
When He to John, who stood amazed,
Said "Suffer it to be!"

Through the land of old Judea,
Through neighboring cities round;
Where e'er there went our Savior,
The same old sun shone down.

The same old sun was shining,
When He 'fore Pilate stood:
Where sat the false accusers,
Who yearned to shed his blood.

As they hailed Him king with scoffing,
Robed Him with purple gown,
The radiant light of the golden sun,
In silence glittered down.

And on the road to Calvary,
With thorn wreath on His brow,
The same old sun was shining down,
That shines upon us now.

But when upon that fatal cross,
The pang of death passed through,
Vile earthquakes, shook this sinful earth,
The sun was hid from view.

And round His tomb upon that morn,
When weeping Mary came,
The sun renewed its brilliant light,
That glittering orb of flame.

And when an angel rolled the stone,
And to that mother said,
"He's rose, He's gone to Galilee;
Come, see where He has layed,"

Behold! with glittering beams of gold,
The sun gleamed round him then;
"All power is mine:" He bravely told,
"Go, preach my word to men!"

Still shines the same old blazing sun,
He runs his course each day;
While nations perish one by one,
He shines upon their clay.

TALE OF THE WIND.

WIND upon thy reckless travel,
Blowing rubbish to and fro,
Bearing dust and sand and gravel,
Whence thou come and whither go?
Oft I've heard thee on thy pinions,
Like the mighty thunders roar;
Saw hue trees 'neath thy dominions
Fall to earth, exist no more.

Thou dost reign upon the mountain,
On the ocean vast and deep;
Cools the brooklet, cools the fountain,
Fans the wild flowers in their sleep.
Pause awhile, kind wind, and tell me,
From what source thou comest, where?
In my songs I'll e'er commend thee,
Oh, thou Monarch of the Air!

And the wind in martial measure,
Howling fiercely with a gale;
Thrilled my soul with fear and pleasure,
As he sang to me, this tale.

The Tale.

By unknown ways I come to man,
On crystal wings I fly;
I make a tour through all the land,
And through the cloudy sky.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Sometimes with zephyrs soft and calm,
Sometimes with breezes warm;
Sometimes midst fragrance from the balm,
Sometimes a raging storm.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Oft I ascend the loftiest height,
And scale the rocky steep;
Where soars the eagle far from sight,
Where dwells the mountain sheep.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

My mighty wings, are wondrous strong,
I frequent every spot;
Earth's fleeting throng, has heard me long,
Yet man he sees me not.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Forever on my crystal wings,
Through bygone years I've flown;
Beyond the birth of earthly things,
And every man I've known.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

I've fanned the infant's curly locks,
Oft kissed the maiden fair,
And far among the cavern rocks,
Have sought the hermit there.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O' er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Harvest of Thoughts

The battles fought in many a clime,
I've witnessed every fray;
Midts clanking swords and martial chime,
I've cleared the smoke away.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

So zealous youth record my song,
While zephyrs gently blow;
Methink thou hast detained me long,
On journey I must go.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
From whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

REASON WHY I'S HAPPY.

SAY good people don't you know,
I's gwine 'o marry? coase its so!
I's gwine 'o marry Miss Malindy Ann:
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's a lucky man.

Week ago las' Thursday night,
When the stars were shinin' bright;
She and I walked han' in han',
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's a lucky man.

Had my arm aroun' her waist,
An' she looked up in my face:
Talkin' 'bout our future plan:
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's a happy man.

That gal 's sho'ly sweet on me;
Jes' as sweet as sweet can be;
She is my Malindy Ann:
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's a lucky man.

Other boys been callin' round,
Tryin' to make her turn me down;
But she tells them: "Git away!"
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's got the day.

So good people kaint you see,
Reason why I's full of glee?
I's gwine 'o marry Malindy Ann:
Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! I's a lucky man.

DOWN MURRAY'S HALL.

BEEN out all night an' I jes' got back;
I jes' got back from a country ball,
You ought 'o been there to seen it all;
John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called;
We had one time down 'o Murray's hall,
Way down the river road.

The hall was lit up with four big lights,
With four big lights that shone like day;
The whole house seemed as cheerful as May;
For laughter an' frolic, had all the sway:
Some joined the dance an' some joined the play,
At the great big ball down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Their came a crowd from the West Fork Side;
From the West Fork Side north the river road,
An' old uncle Isaac, to the crowd that rode,
Muttered an' growled how he lost on his load,
He hauled with his mules o'er the river road;
For a nickle a head down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Aunt Jane Hunter came 'cross the field,
Came 'cross the field with her daughters, three,
Jes' like their mammy: but younger you see,
Modest an' pretty as pretty can be;
A lump clogged my throat when they bowed
to me,
At the great big ball down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

How many daughters? there' er only three,
There' er only three an' they all were there,
Miss Alice the oldest, then comes Miss Marie,
She' s one shade brighter than Alice you see;
Miss Polly 's the darkes' but has the best hair,
They all were down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Miss Polly the youngest, had on a waist,
Of changeable silk, an' it glittered like gold;
Her long black hair was twisted an' rolled,
Her form was as straight as a straight May
pole,
Was belle of the ball down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Miss Marie was dressed up to taste,
Dressed up to taste an' a lookin' gran';
Had straightened her hair, an' powdered her face;
Had on snow-white-slippers: had buckled her waist,
Until its circumfrence was scarsely a span;
An' she was "Some Punks" down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Miss Alice was dressed in a lavender gown,
A lavender gown so neatly arranged,
With ribbons an' laces an' pink chiffon;
A golden bracelet she had on,
Where dangled the hearts of the suitors she won,
Who came a foot down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called;
Way down the river road.

An' little Sam Tucker was fixed up swell,
Was fixed up swell in his "Swallow-tail,"
He toted the cape of Alvina Wells,
An' she is considered the village belle,
Her dress was covered all over with veil,
She walked three feet a head of her trail,
That followed her down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Abe Lincoln Jones, had a Jim-Swinger on,
A long Jim-Swinger that hung low his knees;
The skirts of this garment did soar on the wind
Like the windy March weather shakes a sheet
on a line,
An' his feet jarred the dus' from the chinks
in the wall,
As he led off the dance down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

An' John Lee fiddled a plantation reel,
A plantation reel, an' he fiddled it right;
His old time fiddle did moan an' groan,
It woke up the sinews an' limbered the bones;
I tell you: We colored folks danced last night!
The hall fairly shook an' quivered the lights,
At the great big ball down 'o Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

That yellow Jim Cross stood up on a stool,
Stood up on a stool, with his back to the wall;
His loud doleful voice rang out through the
hall,
With— "Swing yo' pawtnas!" "Balance all!"
"Foward two!" ',An' foward fo'!"



John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called.

You would laughed at the capers cut on
that floo,'
If you were down to Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

The church folks there were more than a few,
Were more than a few down Murray's hall;
They played more games than I ever knew;
They chose there pawtnas two an' two,
Played—— "Run Johnie Willow wind the ball!
Sill John Lee fiddled, an' Jim Cross called,
In the upper end of Murrays hall,
Way down the river road.

I hear the sweet voice of Miss Polly yet,
Of Miss Polly Hunter who led the play songs;
In spite of the fiddle, her voice could be heard,
As clear an' as sweet as a spring song bird;
Though loud rang the laughter in Murray's
hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

But I'm sleepy now an' I must go on,
I must go on for I'm tired an' sore;
My shoes' too tight, for I danced all night,
My eye-lids are heavy, an' I don't feel right,
I was down to the ball an' I saw it all,
Heard John Lee fiddle ,an' Jim Cross call,
I'll be 'round to morrow to tell you more.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

I HAD a dream of my love last night,
When the moon was low and the stars shown bright
I saw as it seemed, a halo of white;
Encircled a swart damsel fair

Her voice was so clear and sweet did she sing,
Her fingers danced over each golden string,
As she sang to the time of Cupid's bright dart.
And each note seemed to pierce through my heart,
But I knew not the song that she sang.

Her teeth were as white as the snow flakes that fall;
Her delicate form was graceful and tall;
Her vesture was purple and curled was her hair,
So sweet was her music that echoed in air;
But I knew not the song that she sang.

Though she stood at some distance, plain
my eyes could behold,
Her jewels of sapphire, of rubies, and gold;
So gentle and sweet, did her tender voice flow;
Her music was sweet, and her music was low,
But I knew not the song that she sang.

She sang with that ease and melodious grace,
Belonging to none but our Ethiope race;
And her dark eyes shone brigh,
With a sweet, calm, delight;
But I knew not the song that she sang.

I asked for the song, at the sweet closing strain
She smiled with a bow, and sang it again;
So sweet and so soothing her love-song did
sound,
And sweeter the notes reechoed around;
But I knew not the song that she sang.

I looked on the beauty her form bid embrace,
That angelic smile, on her fair swarthy face;
Enamored, I asked for her heart and her hand,
Embarassed, she fled to a far away land,
But I knew not the song that she sang.

LIFE'S PROCESSION.

THEY are passing, one by one;
Morning, noon, at set of sun;
When the dawn awakes the day,
When the noontide shadows play;
Fleeting, like the morning dew,
'Neath the golden sunlight's hue,
In the race of life they run;
They are passing, one by one.

They are passing, one by one;
Morning, noon, at set of sun;
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Pass the matron and the maid;
Through the vale of death they go,
Through the gloom of bitter woe,
In the race of life they run;
They are passing, one by one.

They are passing, one by one;
Morning, noon, at set of sun;
Men of wisdom, might, and fame,
Princes, paupers, kings the same;
All, must meet that solemn fate,
All, must pass death's chilling gate
When life's toilsome race is run,
They are passing, one by one.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

NEAR the highway in a valley,
Where sweet rose and poppies bloom,
Where cool shade and breezes rally,
Stands my happy country home.

On her walls antique and rustic,
Clings the vernal leafy vines;
In her yard so calm, majesic,
Grows the lovely columbines.

Orchard trees in vernal splendor,
Shades the grassy carpet green,
And the song birds sing so tender;
Hidden by the leafy screen.

Calm and peaceful stands the dwelling,
While great beauty round I see,
And my thoughts with rapture swelling,
Dawns a trodden path to me.

Harvest of Thoughts

Dawns a path of thorns and roses;
Dawns a path of joy and gloom;
Dawns the hour, o'er friends most dearest,
Wept I at their burial tomb.

I reflect upon my childhood,
Round this cottage oft did play;
Far into the beechen wild-wood,
Gathered I sweet flowers of May.

And I plucked the precious jewels,
While this wood-land I did roam,
Wove them into radiant garlands;
Brought them to my country home.

Long may stand this little dwelling,
She has harbored me since birth,
Though the hue fades in her dotage,
'T is my dearest home on earth.

THE FORESIGHT.

BEHOLD, the time advances,
Its nearing day by day;
And I view a gleam of sunlight,
Through a mist and stormy way.
The hour is fast approaching,
As the Book of Truth record,
When the hand of Ethiopia,
Shall weal her trusty sword.

Not with stern and brutal sovern,
Not with blood-stained hands of might,
But in freedom's name she'll govern,
With justice, truth, and right.
Oft Caucasia's tongues deride us,
In their 'tempt to make us fall,
But God who loves His children,
Looks upon us one and all.

And through His precious promice,
Like a dark and misty vail,
Behold, a ship comes sailing,
With rainbow-tinted sails.

The pilot at his rudder,
With cold and bleeding hand,
Long stood with fear and trembling,
While lost upon the strand.
And oft he lowered the anchor,
At night fall on the deep,
Or when the storms were raging,
His faithful watch did keep.

Through the darkest fog before him,
Which vails the light before;
He stands the howling tempest,
And looks for yonder shore.
Across the stormy waters,
The winds come down with might,
Ere long the pilot on that ship,
Shall see a gleaming light.

The dawn of day advances,
'Twill calm the rolling sea,
Like the Hand that calmed the tempest,
On the lake of Galilee.

I view her in my vision,
Her shipmates and her crew;
With trusty hopes are waiting,
To anchor at yon view.
Though many a gallant shipmate,
Who were drowned in the dreadful deep,
Lay burried 'neath the waters;
In an aqueous grave they sleep.

I see one brave old sailor,
Who has climbed the topmost mast,
And he shouts with loud, Hosanna,
At the scenes before him cast.
She's heading for yon harbor,
Her sails are now unfurled,
Though drenched, and shaken by the wind,
Her splendor awes the world.

There dawns another vision,
And the muses bid me write;
I see her in the harbor,
Her sails are sparkling bright.

I see Queen Ethiopia,
Before all nations stand;
She is robed in royal purple,
And a seal is in her hand.
As she lifts her hand with jewels,
And takes the solemn vow,
Kings, prince, and nobles, hail her,
All nations 'fore her bow.

LEAD ME.

LEAD me oh, my blest Redeemer,
Ere my feet shall walk astray;
Through this world of dire temptation,
Lead me on the Heavenly way.
Lead me, though my steps should faulter,
As I journey through this land;
When I meet with worldy conflicts,
Grasp me tighter by the hand.

On the verge of earth's temptation,
When my strength is almost gone,
Haste before I fall, dear Savior,
Grasp my hand and lead me on!
In my earthly joys and sorrows,
Let me not forget the way!
For too soon may dawn the morrow,
Should my steps be lead astray.

Harvest of Thoughts

A CONGRATULATION.

WHUT brung you from Virginger?
An' when did you git back?
I's glad to see you Moses,
Sho I am, an' dat's a fact;
An' how is I a gittin 'long?
I thought I heard you say,
Jes' toler'ble I thank you;
Been livin' de same ol' way.

Say! how is ol' Virginger?
Whut route you say you took,
Down through Culpeppah county?
I knows huh like a book;
You found down dah good people,
An' I 'lowed you would befo',
You see I wasn't lyin';
Did they hate to see you go?

I kin see you've had good eatens,
Kaise you's lookin' slick an' stout;
Dem fok'es eat in Virginger,
An' de grub is nevuh out.
Go way boy! now hesh I tell you!
Talkin' bout dat cracklin' bread,
Go way wid dem greasy chittlins,
An' dat steamin' soda bread!

Harvest of Thoughts

You kaint tell me 'bout dat cookin',
How dem women fry sweet co'n;
Fau you see I know all 'bout it,
Right down daw I's bred an' bon';
Knows all 'bout dat greasy co'n-bread,
Like a wedge in size an' weight,
When you tech it wid yo' fingas,
It will crumble in yo' plate.

Dem delicious soda biscuits,
Was de best you evah eat;
An' dat good ol' home-cured-bacon,
An dem hams is hard to beat;
In all de homes you tarried
In every neighborhood,
You found de young fo'kes clever,
An' de ole fo'kes kin' an' good.

You nevah seen sich clever fo'kes,
You say in all yo' life?
Now Mose, mind whut I tell you!
Right down dah pick you a wife!
Gals down daw 's wo'th somethin';
Dey all kin cook an' sew;
Their han's is not too tender,
To ply 'em to de hoe.



"You done married Quality!"

Dey's all de time contented,
An' never care to roam, except—
Whut's this you tell me?
You've brung a good wife home?
I thought that you'd been co'ten,
By that sotah sheepish smile;
Hush! you didn't marry Liza,
Ol' man Sutton's bady chile?

Well I'm beat to hear dat Moses,
So I mus' shake han's a new;
Gone an' married Liza Sutton!
Ha! Ha! Ha! ef dat don't do.
Few fok'es know de sutton fam'ly,
An' their standin' jes like me,
Mark de works I'm 'bout to tell you!
You done married Quality.

THE TRAVELER'S DREAM.

IN the calm of the noontide when silent the day,
A traveler sat down for to rest;
He bore in his hand a plat of the way,
A route that seemed easy and best.
Full of zeal and of valor, this travler had come
Through lands that were rugged and steep;
Midst music of birds, and the wildbees hum,
Midst fragrance that rose from the radiant blooms,
Through brooklets that flown to the deep.

While footsore and weary he rest 'neath the shade,
His eyelids soon shut in repose:
In his vision and dream he saw a fair maid,
Midst wreathes of blossoms and rose.
The eyes of the sleeper beheld in that dream,
With marvel he looked on the sight,
Her raiments, their sheen were purple an green,
And her jewels like stars of the night.

She drew near the stranger,
She stretched forth her hand,
And there did the traveler behold,
A plat with its highways that led to a land,
That land was a city of gold.
But the route was so rugged,
The hills were so steep;
And the highways were dreary, forlorn;
There were tombs of travelers,
In death they did sleep,
There were vines and brambles and thorns.

Fair damsel, he said to the beautiful maid,
Though my travels were rugged and steep,
Yet my path have been laid, with flowers and shade,
There odor and fragrance so sweet.
The end of my journey my eyes can't behold,
Yet I fain could observe from afar,
Should I look in yon future, a city of gold
With splendor as bright as a star.

Arise, said the damsel: and journey with me;
And soon on your pathway we'll find;
That the fruits of your toil through sunshine
and shade,
Lead not to a fate so sublime.

He seized her fair hand so they roved
through the land,
Cross plain, through valley and glen;
And soon in his dream by a chasm did stand,
Beheld there his fate and his end.
He viewed from the brink as he paused
with the maid,
Horrid sights, as he gasped for his breath;
In that grim dreary deapth through
darkness and shade,
He beheld an angle of death.

His wings were outspread as he soared
o'er the dead,
Where travelers benighted had fell,
And the bones on the waste, of that vail
thick were spread,
And the grim sights were startling to tell.
The traveler was frightened:
He groped for her hand,
To retrace o'er the route she had lead,
All trembling and weary alone he did
stand,
He awoke; but the damsel had fled.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

LOOK a heah Marandy! what you say?
Why don't I go to work? an it rainin' this
a way?
Exposein' mys'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

What 'o I care ef the grub is out;
You kin jes go hungry, an' put up without!
Runnin' to the groc'ry sto'e every day,
Burnin' up my vit'ls an' a throwin' it away.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

I did give you money to buy a pair o' shoes,
I did give you money to pay yo' lodge dues,
An' I give you money to pay the house rent,
You didn't buy a thing! an the money's all spent.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col',
I wouldn't go to work, to save yo' soul!

Want 'o buy another dress?— you got one new
It have n't been more than a week or two,
Oh!— you want one made in a different style;
I'm not gwine 'o buy it, "oh no chile!
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col',
I wouldn't go to work, to save yo' soul!

Did n't say when I 'as co'ten, you know it
aint so!
That I'd work for you in the rain an' snow;
Ef you don't quit a gwine back diggin' up things
I woont strike a tap, till the june-bugs sing!
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

You never put a patch on my workin' clo'es,
You don't give a cent how yo' husband goes;
Jes so he's bringin' the dollars in,
Fau you to carry 'round in yo' purse an' spen'.
Exposein' mys'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

Look heah Marandy! don't call me a liar,
I'll slap yo' jaws till they burn like fire;
I'm gitin tired 'o takin' sass off 'o you,
I'll cut me a hick'ry an' I'll whale yo' too.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col',
I wouldn't go to work, to save yo' soul!

Expose myse'f, take sick, lay down an' die,
Yo'd ring yo' han's an' hollow an' cry;
'Twould look a heap better ef you wouldn't
shed a tear:
Kaise you'd have another dawkey less time
than a year.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

I don't want 'o run a great doctor bill,
An' have Willis haulin' me out to Crown
Hill;
Ef yo' own dear wife aint bothered 'bout yo',
Look out for yo'se'f! Lo'd knows I do.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

I'm gitin' tired o' workin' like a mule ev'ry day,
A given you money fau to throw away;
Hear's another thing want 'o tell you Miss,
I'll handle my own money after this!
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col',
I wouldn't go to work, to save yo' soul!

I don't care Marandy what you say:
I aint gwine 'o work in the rain today;
Pack up an' leave me when ever you choose,
An' git another dawkey to buy your shoes.
Exposein' myse'f in the slush an' col'
I wouldn't go to work to save yo' soul.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL to the summer,
Behold she has fled;
Her bright vernal foliage,
Are faded and dead;
The hot, golden sunbeams,
Shine brisk through the trees;
The leaves on their pinions,
Descends on the breeze.

Farewell to the summer,
For autumn is here;
Soon the skies will be cloudy,
The days dark and drear;
Wild winds like a deluge,
Through fields shall descend,
The trees of their beauty,
Must yield to the wind.

Farewell to the summer,
The birds that are known,
For music and beauty,
Behold they have flown.
The caw of the crow, and the cry of the jay,
Resounds through the wood-land
And fields far away.

Harvest of Thoughts

Farewell to the summer,
Sad, sad, my refrain;
Her beauty and splendor,
Fades out 'neath the rain;
All cloudy and dreary our days soon shall be,
And the east winds shall howl,
Over meadow and lea.

Farewell to the summer, 'tis sad to depart,
Her charms, they have vanished;
Her beauty and art;
The vines have grown crimson, on walls
over head,
Sweet odorous blossoms, have faded, are dead

Farewell, oh, sweet summer! long 'fore thy
return
Sad hearts, shall await thee,
For thee, they shall yearn;
They shall honor thy beauty,
Of days long ago, and yearn for thy coming,
Through the frost and the snow.

OUT AMONG UM

SAY boys! you ought 'o been with me,
Las' night a week ago;
It wont do you no good to guess,
Because you does n't know.
I 'as out among the "Upper Tens,"
The "Upper Crust," the "Creams;"
Them Tisdales, an' the Overstreets,
The Hunters an' the Jeems.

I had that bran new raglan on,
My patent leather shoes;
That fine broadcloth Prince Albert coat,
I bought down 'mong the Jews.
An' fumigated, like a rose,
You know I'as smellin' sweet:
The white fo'kes turned an' looked around,
As I swagged down the street.

Of corse I wore my new silk hat,
That snow-white vest and tie;
An' don't you know, with all that on,
I hardly could get by.

Why don't you know where Bryants live?
I thought you lived in town;
Its way down old Wes' Seventh Street,
A spuare this side o' Brown.
Well, any-how they gave a ball,
An' it was something swell,
'Twas on their daughter 'Lizabeth,
So lis'en while I tell.

Great Scotts! There was a hundred gals,
Of almost ev'ry shade;
An' each one dressed her level best,
It Made me sorter 'fraid.
But soon I shook away my fears,
An' let "old nerve" walk in,
Just then Miss 'Liza brought to me,
A host of lady friends.

Miss Tisdale and Miss Carter,
Miss Buckner and Miss Jones;
Miss Artimiscie Martingale,
And Miss Priscilla Holmes.

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Miss Simpson, Effie Lewis,
Miss Thomas, Susan Gray;
Them high-fa-lutin, Crosley gals,
An' Miss Leuvata Clay.
I met Miss Mandy Lewis,
Miss Cora Jackson too;
I met them Dalton sisters,
Rebecca, May an' Sue.

Met Elder Coleman's daughter,
That quiet kind o' gal;
I met the Hunter sisters,
Miss Gracie an' Miss Sal.
I met Miss Emma Overstreet,
Miss Lucas, Jane Divine;
Miss 'Liza turned an' said to me,
"These girls are friends of mine."

I chatted freely with them all,
For they were looking well;
That's why I used them great big words,
Which I could never spell.

An' such another feast they had,
I never saw before;
A table filled with every thing,
And stretched from door to door.
Light-bread án' soda biscuits,
Caned fruits of ev'ry kind;
Mince pies an' chicken-dumplins
An' Elder-berry-wine.

Big yallah sweet potatoes,
Well soaked in 'possum grease;
I wish you could o' witnessed,
The good things at that feast;
Sweet cordial nuts an' candies,
Good butter-milk an' cream,
You ought 'o seen us colored fo'kes,
Around that table teem.

Elder Dawson asked the blessin'
An' then we all pitched in;
An' what we did to Bryant's grub.
It was a mighty sin.

With jokes an' merry laughter,
The house was in a hum;
'Cause ev'ry one invited,
Was more than pleased to come;
Till Jackson Jones through courtesy,
Down from his seat did stoop;
To pick up Mandy's napkin,
An' spilled that bowl of soup.

It landed right on Jackson's head,
An' how that soup did spatter!
Miss Mandy sprang to save her dress,
The girls cried: "What's the matter?"
That oyster soup was flyin.'
On broadcloth an' on silk,
Poor Jackson's plight remind me,
Of a fly in butter-milk.

There were oysters down his collar,
An' soup all in his hair;
His party suit was ruined,
I could see it then an' there.

L OF C.

Mrs Bryant an' the waiters,
 Tried to make the blunder straight;
I could n't eat another thing,
 That laid upon my plate;
I was so choked with laughter,
 I could n't look around;
An' lookin' solemn in my plate,
 My face put on a frown.

Poor Jackson's head was scalded,
 An' his eyes was lookin' red;
For you see, that big bowl bu'sted,
 When it landed on his head.
Atlas' the big feast ended,
 An' the dishes cleared away;
Jim Lewis tuned his fiddle,
 An' how that coon did play!

We danced till almos' mornin'
 I took Miss Tisdale home;
She's goin' to give a party,
 An' told me I must come.

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not for childhood's happy years,
Grieve not 'cause time rolls on;
Renew the smile and dry the tears,
And let bygones be gone.
Life's but a day, Though come what may,
Joy is the birth of sorrow,
And oft sad hearts from grief departs,
When dawns the final morrow.

Weep not for childhood's happy years,
Let future come what may!
If life be long, earth's passing throng,
Will find us bent and gray.
Life's but a day: Though come what may,
Joy is the birth of sorrow,
And oft sad hearts from grief departs,
When dawns the final morrow.

Weep not for childhood's happy years,
What is to be, let come;
For soon or late at Heaven's Great Gate,
Our journey will be done.
Life's but a day: Though come what may,
Joy is the birth of sorrow,
And oft sad hearts from grief departs,
When dawns the final morrow.

QUIT YO' GOBBLIN'!

BETTER quit yo' gobblin', turk'y!
People's got it in for you,
Don't you know its nigh Thanksgivin'?
Better hide I tell yo'— sh–o–o!
Needn't go away a struttin',
I aint bothered: No not me!
I got somethin' for Thanksgivin,'
Ketched him in a 'Simmon tree.

Tuther night I'as tired an' sleepy,
'Roun the cook stove tried to nap;
Took my pipe an' tried to smoke it,
Soon it drapped into my lap.
Then I heard Lucindy callin',
"Sam! Oh, Sam! she said to me;
Don't you hear ol' Trail a bawkin'?
He got somethin' up a tree!"

I jumped up, ran to the thicket,
By a tree ol' Trailer sat;
Up among the ripe persimmons,
Was a 'possum big an' fat.
Turk'y meat can't cope with 'possum,
Wan' to know the reason why?
'Possum meat is sweet an juicy,
Turk'y meat is tough an' dry.

So you see ol' mister turk'y,
I aint bothered an' that's true;
Better hide among the bushes,
Better git I tell yo'— sh–o–o!

WHEN JOHNSON'S BAN' COMES 'LONG.

COME out hear boys an' lis'en!
Look a comin' up the street;
Jes' lis'en at them cymbals!
Now aint that mnsic sweet?
Look at those crimson uniforms,
Aint that a lively song?
There's somethin' doin' on the street,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

That yellow chap is Mosbey Scott,
He plays that Great Big Bass;
That's no mistake; he's somethin' hot,
But my! he makes a face.
Hear Taylor's E-flat Clarinet,
A squealin' on that song?
The young fokes shout an' the ol' turn out,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

That foremost chap is Douglas Gray,
Say, aint he black an' slick?
He's in the fines' trim today,
Jes' watch him wheel that stick!
He winds it round like lightnin',
An' keeps time with the song;
All kin's o' busness bound to stop,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

There is Professor Johnson!
That dawk complexted man;
Can play most any music,
He has the only ban'.

His boys are fine musicans,
They put life in a song,
All kind o' people throngs the street,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

That little brown-skin fellow,
His name is Bert Divine;
He's walkin' nex' to Johnson,
He plays that cornet fine:
An' Harry Lee, from Tennessee,
Is doin' nothin' wrong;
Those German bans "are on the bum;"
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

That boy is ol' man Lewis' son,
Who plays the piccolo,
An' that is preacher Jackson's boy,
Who blows the first alto;
That big-eyed-coon, with the slide trombone,
His name is Jerry Strong,
You hear the lates' pop'lar songs,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

Our girls are sweet on Johnson,
They say he look so gran;'
An' they are right: Bud Johnson is,
A handsome colored man.
The ban' is gettin' ready to play another song,
'Tis fun to watch the colored fo'ks,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.



When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

Look at aunt Susan Thomas,
With years so far adavnce,
Her hair is white as cotton;
I be'lieve she's tryin' to dance.
Old sister Pane forgot her cane,
So has old uncle John,
You see all kind o' funny sights,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

Whose mule is that? he's runin' off!
It looks like Charley Van's;
He tied him to the water-trough,
An' followed Johnson's ban',
That old mule he got frisky,
When the ban' came thunderin' by,
He upset old Charlie's wagon,
An' made the ashes fly.

That makes no change with Johnson,
He lets the music fly;
You hear cake-walks an' ragtimes,
When e're his ban' goes by;
There is no ban' a goin',
Can beat them on such songs;
We leave behind our troubled mind,
When Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

You know that tune they 're playin' now?
Its "Way down Dixie Lan';"
That baritone an' tenor horn,
Is surely raisin' san'."
The ban' has got away too far,
To catch distinct the song;
It wakes the easy side o' life,
When Johnson's ban' comes long.

It tickles me to realize
My people's music skill;
All people bound to 'knowledge,
Though some it might nigh kill;
An' when they boast of some great ban',
A playin' jolly songs,
I tell them hold their tongue an' wait,
Till Johnson's ban' comes 'long.

MEUM ET TUUM.

YE living mortal, Death's your fate,
Upon Lifes' Road his Angel waits;
He waits, your future doom to tell,
Perhaps a Heaven, perhaps a hell;
And should you pass him by this day,
You almost know what he will say.

A STRANGE VISION.

I HAD a vision in the calm of night,
When all the air was filled with stillness round;
Me thought my soul had broke its earthly thrall,
And stood and gazed upon the dungeon,
Once in misery dwelt.

Took not its flight to foreign lands at once,
But lingered there about the corpse unseen,
By all the friends who stood around,
With tokens of respect for one no more;
Their weeping tearful eyes,
Paid tribute to the dead.

Then turned my soul from the drear dungeon
gates,
And journed pass a thousand different worlds;
Looked neither left nor right, but journeyed on
Until it reached a river, vast and wide.
It paused upon the stormy banks and gazed
beyond,
Beheld tenthousand seraphims in air,
They sang aloud sweet anthems,
In an unknown tongue, that chorded
With a thousand harps of gold.

Prone was my soul to join that heavenly throng,
But feared to venture, for the billows rolled
And seemed thus to defy its journey o' er,
Until a mighty trumpet pierced the air,
And calmed the angry billows of the tide.
So loud and sweet the music pierced mine ear,
With chants of welcome, anthems loud and
strong;
My soul ascended in the air as if on wings,
And took its flight to reach the other side.

But ere it reached the other side I woke;
And found about me stillness of the night;
Around my couch was darkness all I saw,
I wept— because the vision was not true.

Harvest of Thoughts

INVOCATION.

OH gracious Master, just and true,
With all thy wondrous plan;
Lead us, a trodded nation, through
This dark and stormy land!

Thou who didst hear our father's cry,
Midst suffering pain and woe,
Who dried the tear-drops from their eye;
Can guide us as we go.

Let not our hearts with trouble wake,
And say there is no way;
The hour before the morning break,
Gives little hope of day.

Oh let this be the darkest hour,
Which vails the dawning light;
And let us trust Jehovah's power,
Till daybreak fades the night.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun sinks low into the west.
The weary toilers hies for rest;
The birds have sheltered in their nest.
Good-night! good-night.

The hour is calm, the zephyrs still;
I hear the singing whip-poor-will;
Her music echoes 'mong the hill.
Good-night! good-night.

A throng of beetles fill the air;
The fire-flies' lamp so brilliant glare;
From whence they've flown I know not where;
Good-night! good-night.

And gazing on this scene I trow,
At night fall when the sun is low,
The breezes calm, so gently blow
Good-night! good-night.

As darkness veils the nightly hour,
Faint grows the dying daylight's power,
And close the calyx of the flower.
Good-night! good-night.

Deep in my heart a small voice say,
A doom shall fall thee as this day;
And all thy friends shall to thee say,
Good-night! good-night.

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